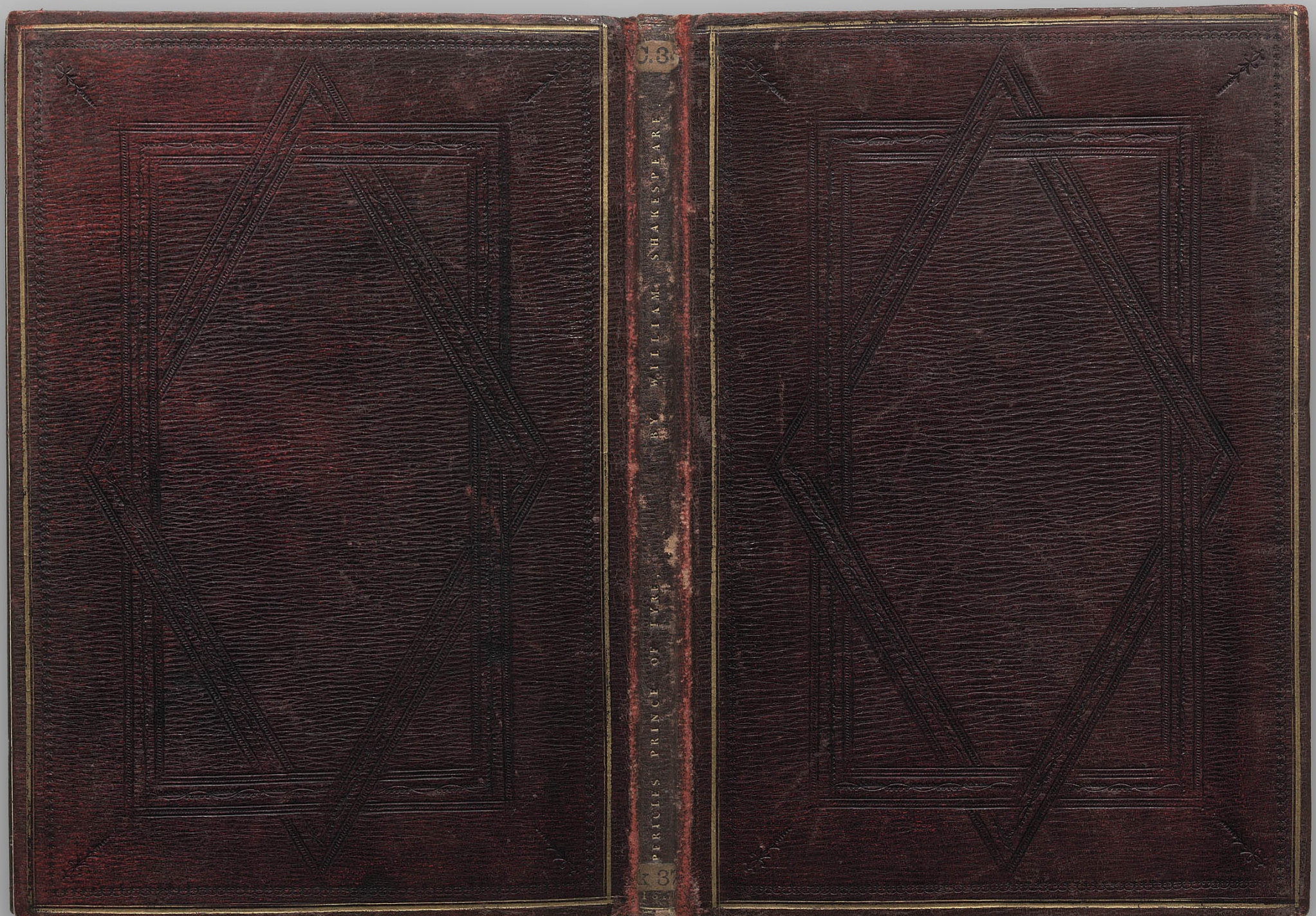
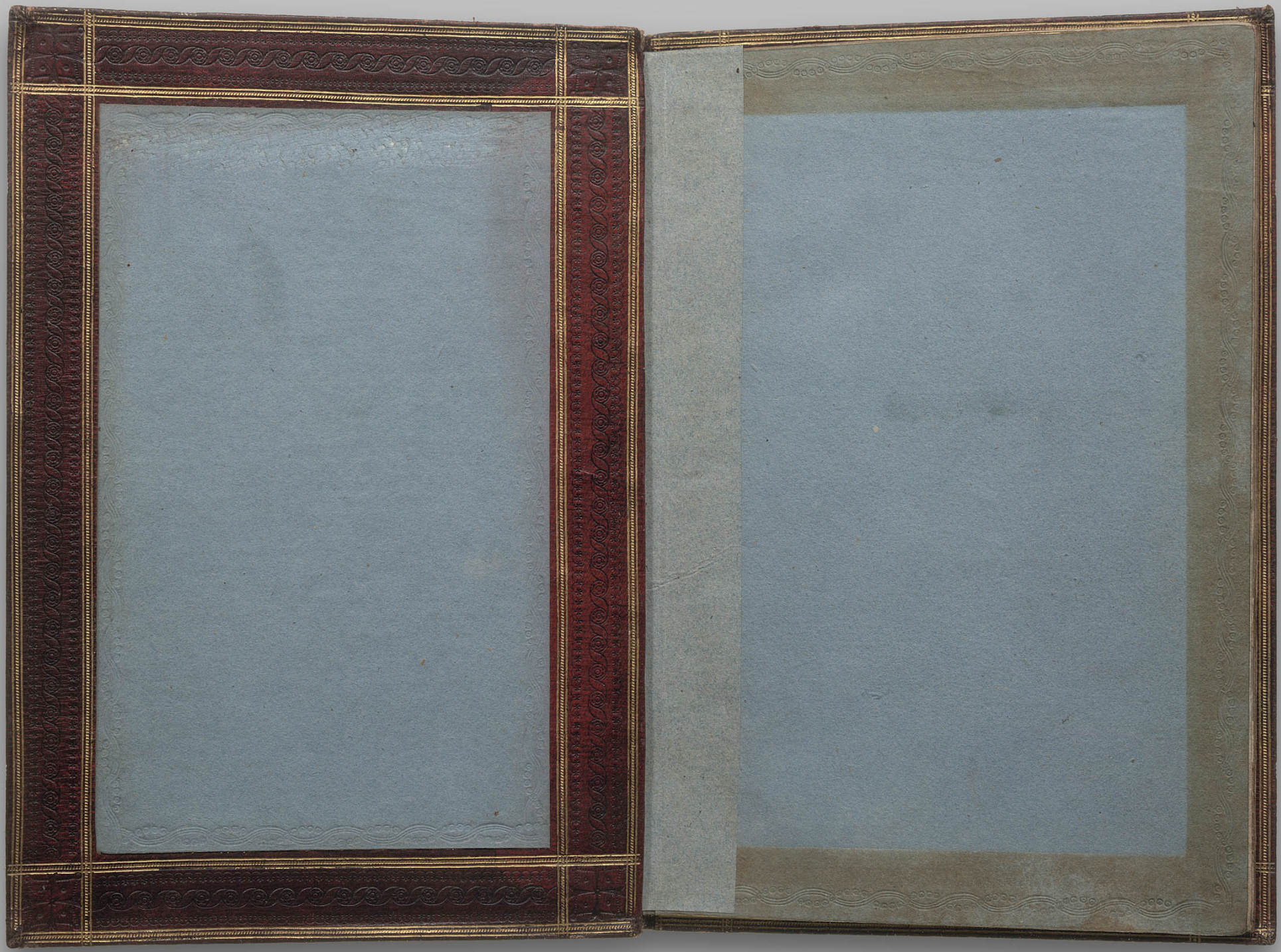
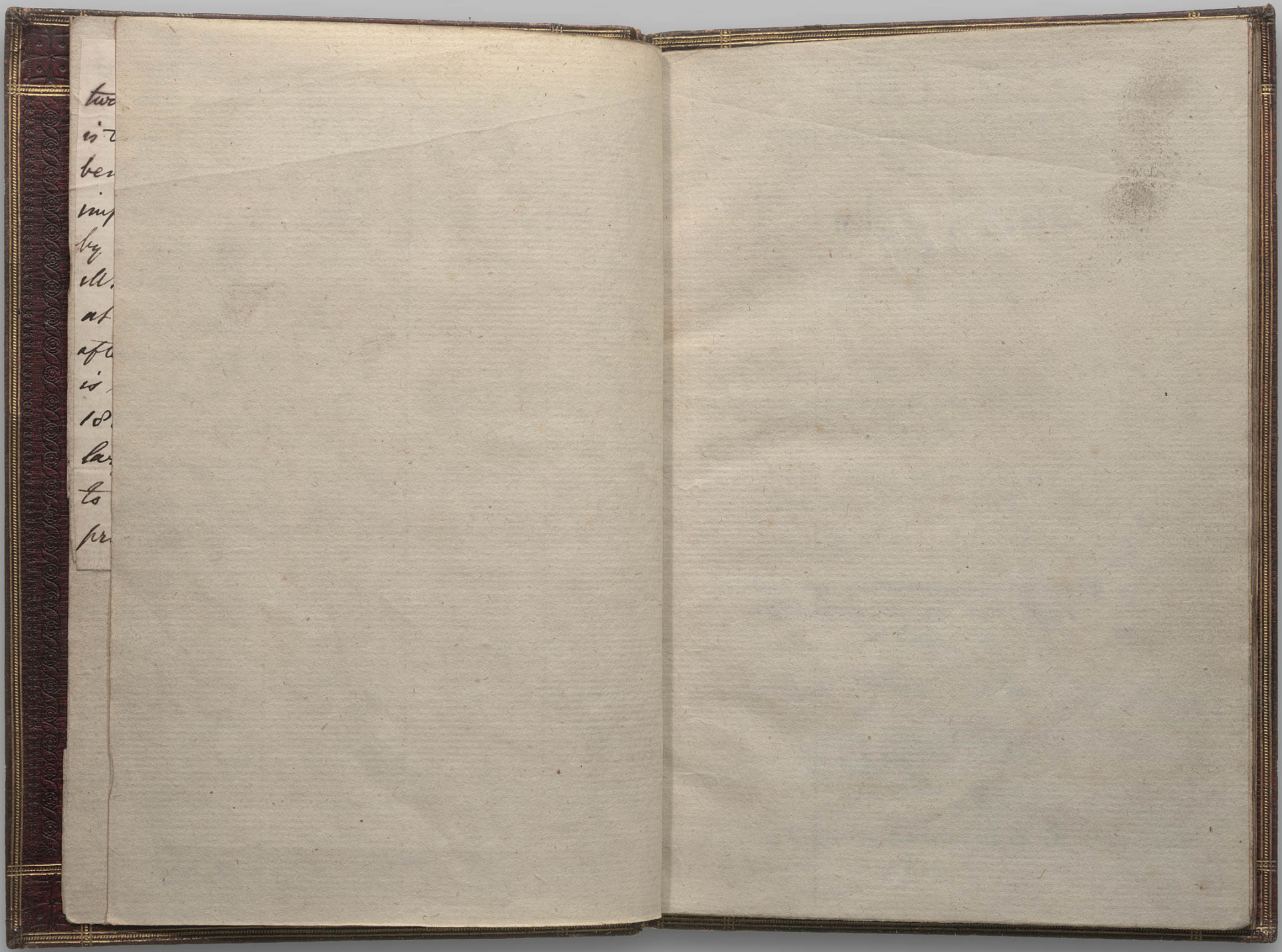


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo



Although the present volume wants two leaves in sheet D (unless indeed the omission is to be ascribed to the printer, the catchwords being right), it is of great literary curiosity and importance, being not only unique but unused by & unknown to all the editors of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier is the only one who even names it, at first with doubt as to its existence, and afterwards only on my information. The present is no doubt Edwardes' copy which sold in 1804 for what was in those days the large price of £14, since which time it seems to have disappeared until purchased privately by me.

BRITISH MUSEUM



C 34 k 37

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hiſtory, aduentures, and fortunes of the ſayd Prince:

As alſo,

The no leſſe ſtrange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath beene diuers and ſundry times acted by his Maieſtyes Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-ſide.

By *VVilliam Shakeſpeare.*

Printed at London by *S. S.*
1611.

The Play of *Pericles* Prince of Tyre, &c.

Enter Gower.

TO sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, auncient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:
It hath beene sung at Festiuals,
On Ember eues, and Holydayes:
And Lords and Ladyes in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues:
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefest seate;
The fairest in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors say:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
So buxsome, blith, and full of face,
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne

To euill should be done by none:
But custome What they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as o Bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe:
That who so ask't her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did dye,
As yon grim lookes doe testifie.
What now ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers

Ant Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.
Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.
Ant. Musicke bring in our Daughter, clothed like a bride
For embracements euen of *Ione* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* raigned,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per See where she comes appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects and her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teasty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or dye in the aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*.
Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.
Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes aduice thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.
Per. Anti. I thanke hee, who hath taught,
My frayle mortality to know it sefe;
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them to them, to what I must:
For death remembred should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe:
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

 Scorning

Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed
Dauph. Of all ſayd yet, thou proue proſperous
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father;
Hee's Father, Sonne and huſband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue reſolue it you

Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: but ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within will touch the gate;
You are a faire Violl, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, & all the gods to hearken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely dauncethat ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life;
For thats an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peri.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayd your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt hilles toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth dye for't
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen that I had thy; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſiinterpreting,
We might proceede to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourty dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth beſit our honour, and your worth.
Manet Pericles ſolus.
Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I intrepret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely clasping with your child,
(Which pleasures fits an husband not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put of the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He must not liue to trumpet foorth my infamy,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this Prince must dye,
For by his fall my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber *Thaliard*,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secrecie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaliard*:
Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold:
We hate the Prince of *Tyre* and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Ent

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flye after, and like an Arrow shot from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vnlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb vs; why should this chãge of thoughts
The sad companion dull eyde melancholy,
By me so vs'de a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe should sleep can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, & mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neyther pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by misdread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am to little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele ſtap the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces heele ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtinc of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubiects punniſht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to lanquiſh,
And punniſh that before that he would punniſh.

Enter all the Lord With Pericles.

1 *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt:

2. *Lord* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſpake giues heate and ſtronger
Glowing whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *ſignior* ſooth here does proclayme peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from

Hell. I haue ground the Axe my ſelfe,
Doe but you ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid,
Fit Counſeller, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes, as you your ſelfe doe lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou knoweſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to ſubiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found the ſinfull father,
Seem'de not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtning ayre,
How many worthy Princes blouds were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayd ope,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe att one,
Who now reprou'dſt me for it.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud frō my cheeks
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to reliefe them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to (ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare
And iuſtly to I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go trauel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be,

Per. I do not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Weele mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*,
Intend my trauayle, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aſke thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this trueth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince, *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue hee was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aſke what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets.

Now doe I ſee he had ſome reaſon for't: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, With other Lords.

Hell. You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, does ſpeake ſufficiently hees gone to trauayle.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenced of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you, being at *Antioch*?

Tha. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I know not, tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudg'd ſo: and doubting leaſt he had errd or ſinnde, to ſhew his ſorrow, hee'de correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threathens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hangd now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcapt the Land to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*, but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord has betooke himself to vnknown trauayles, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it commended to our Master, not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus with his wife and others.

Cleon My *Dioniza* shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountayne to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclayme
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares
And wanting breath to speake helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the Gouernment,
A City on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewde her selfe euen in the streets,

Whose

Whose towers bore-heads so high they kist the clowdes,
And strangers neuer beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trimme them by:
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on, as delight,
All pouerty was scorn'de, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change:
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and Please,
Although they gaue their creatures in aboundance:
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise:
Those pallats who not yet to sauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it:
These mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping:
Here many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperityes so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which g bring'st

in

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.
Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore,
a portly ſayle of ſhips make hither ward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.
Lord. Tha'ts the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayd, they
bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring th y what they will, and what they can,
What need we leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And we are halfe way there: Goe, tell their Generall wee
attend him here, to know forwhat he comes, and whence
hee comes, and what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. Well come is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miſeryes as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we do not look for reuerence
but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & mē.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceede their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.
Per. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mighty King
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſitie:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountayne gayne:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſiſh*, where each man
Thinkes all is write he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe

Dumbe shew.

Enter at one doore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the Traine with them: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to* Pericles; Pericles *shewes the letter to* Cleon; Pericles *giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles *at one doore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Hellican* that stayde at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Prince desire,
Sau'd one of all that happes in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By waues, from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Rayne, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.

Alasse,

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnes of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now.
1. Alasse, poore soules, it grieued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.
3. Nay Master, sayd not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on thē, they were come but I looke to be washt.
Master, I marueil how the fishes liue in the Sea?
1. Why, as men doe a land,
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A pretty Morrall.
3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, man?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

1. Because he should haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a gangling of the Belles,
That he should neuer haue left,
Till he cast Bels, Steeple, Church and Parish vp agayne:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Peri. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, whats that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaste Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Peri. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing
to be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffize
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die, ke-tha; now gods forbid't, and I haue a gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me
a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, & wee'le
haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or
Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you, sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are you beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers
were whipt, I would wish no better office, the to be Bea-
dle. But Master, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you, sir, doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir; and he deserues so to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouerment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaynes from
His subiects the name of good, by his gouerment.
How farre is his court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes iourney: and Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, & to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes & Knights come from all parts of
the world, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the net
Like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at last, & tis turn'd to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armour, friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With rhis strict charge, euen as he left his life;
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and poynted to this Brayse:
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't agayne:
I thanke thee for't, my ship-wracke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you, sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou Turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you, my friend, twas wee that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certayne Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

Vpon

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, and our Daughter
Heere, in honour of whose birth, these Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merrit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertayne
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue my honour Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thai. A

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my Royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady,
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolecra kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight* *King.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight.* *King.* What is the fourth.

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power & wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

5. *Kni Tha.* The fift: an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, thats by the Touch-stone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight.* *King.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which
the Knight himselfe with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. He seemes to be a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch thats onely greene at top:
The Motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

King. A pretty morall; from the deiected state wherein
He is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had neede meane better then his outward
Shew can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rusty out-side he appeares
To haue practiz'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger; for he comes
To an honorde tryumph strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter

¶ Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes,

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. 'Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene at th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

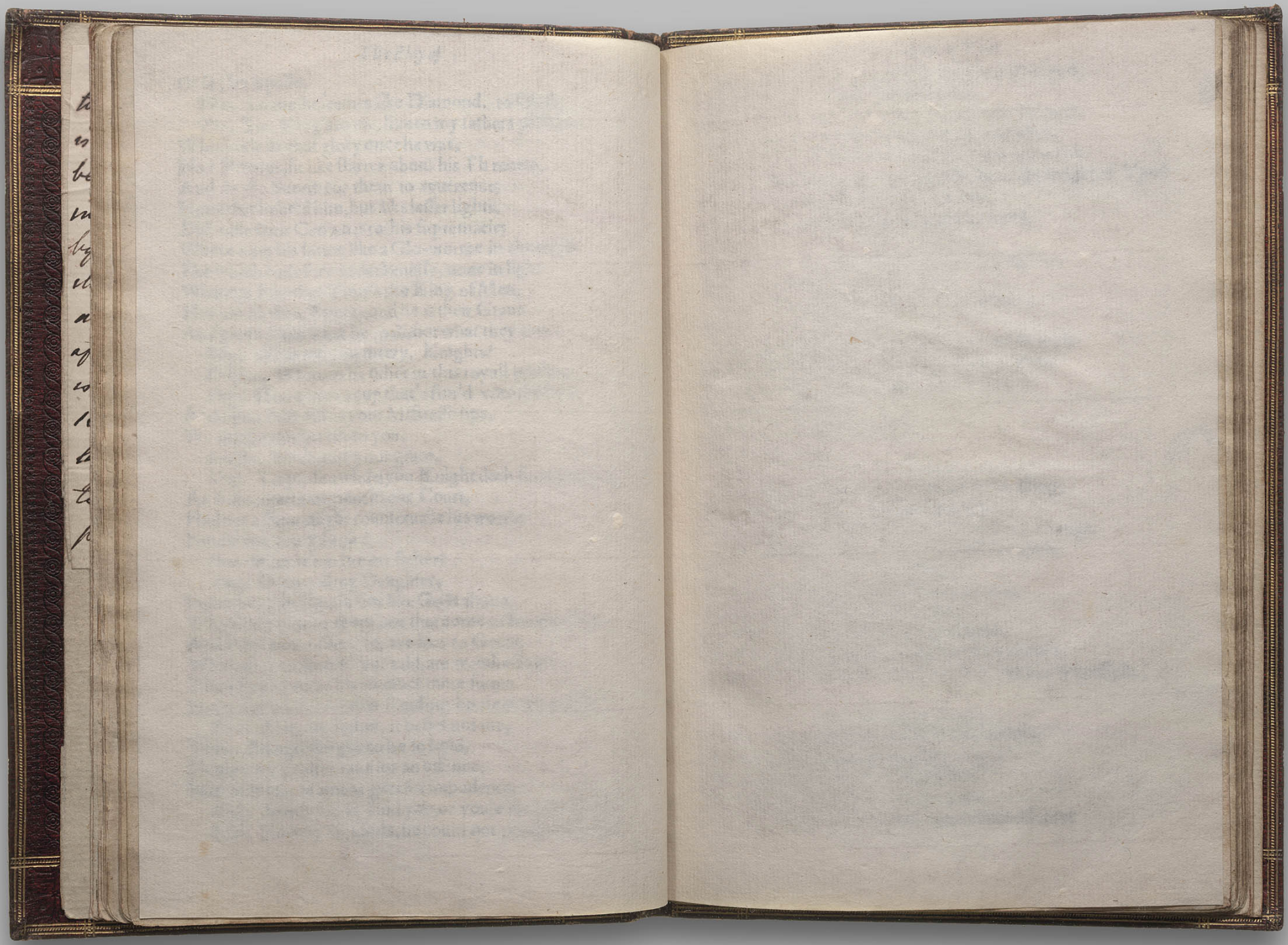
Thais By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Or ſo; let it paſſe.
Thai. To me he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Per. You King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes, ſit like ſtarres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkeneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
He's both their Parents, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence
King. Heere with a cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile; you Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the intertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you *Thaiſa?*
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet,
Heere ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him,
Thai. Alas, my father, it beſits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence,
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moue me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo



King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maiſter.
King. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here? a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre?*
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traytor?
King. I, traytor.
Per. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
king. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

¶ *Enter Traiſe.*

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſilable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not, hauing my consent.
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
As great in blood as I my selfe:
Therefore heare you Mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,
And lips must seale it too: and being ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes destroy and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir?
Per. Euen as my life my blood that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes if't please your Maiestie.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. *Exeunt*

¶ *Enter Gower.*

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fed beast,
Of this most pompous marriage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: by attent,

And

And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eath,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

¶ *Enter* Pericles *and* Simonides *at one doore, with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *shewes it* Symonides, *the Lordes kneele to him; then enter* Thaysa *with childe, with* Lichorida, *a nurse, the* King *shewes her the letter, she reioyces: she and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world to gither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and hie expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Anthiochus and his daughter deare,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony shed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her desire,

Which

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lichorida her nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; their veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship diues:
The Lady ſhrieckes, and well-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme
Shall for it ſelfe, if ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This *Stage*, the Ship vpon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

¶ *Enter Pericles a Shipboord.*

Per. The God of this great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing cal'd them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy deaming dreadfull thunders, dayly quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans Whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauailes? Now *Lychorida*,

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Lychorida.*

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a natiuitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harould thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

¶ *Enter two Saylers.*

1 *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſpilt thy ſelfe.
2. *Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

1. Sir, your Queene muſt ouerboard, the ſea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lyes ſir.
Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my deare,)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt orewhelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O *Lychoridæ*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Satin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy waies good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit*

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.*

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

¶ *Enter Phylemon.*

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cery. Get Fire and meate for theſe poore men,
T'as beene a turbulent and ſtormie night.
Serv. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cery. Your Maiſter will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cory. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did ſeeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to quite the houſe.
2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
T'is not our husbandry.
Cery. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich tire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches;
Careleſſe Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke:
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authoritie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

I haue together with my practize, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour h'as through *Epheſus*,
Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you, haue beene reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your Perſonall paine,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Cheſt; ti's of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. *Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is wondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe t'is caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2. *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
With full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, preſect me in
the Characters.

Heere

Here I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt:*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requte his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how freſh ſhe looks,
They were too rough, they threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many houres, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nine houres lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid: the fire and cloathes. the rough and
Woſull Muſicke that we haue, cauſe it to ſound beſeech you:
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirreſt thou blocke?
The muſicke their: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entraunc'ſt aboue fiue houres:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. *Gent.* The Heauens through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt prayſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush(my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt too,for he relapse
Is mortall: come, come;and *Esculapius* guid vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt Omnes.

¶ *Enter Pericles, Atharsus,with Cleon and Dionisa.*

Per. Most hon.or'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue
Moneths are exp[i]r'd, and *Tyrus* stands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

Di. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd,
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. Wee cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and roreas doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom ,for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here,I charge your charitie withall;leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training,that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not(my Lord)but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne;for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on,if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a spurre,the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine,to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you,your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me too't without your vowes,till she be maried.
Madame,by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child.

Cler. I

Dion. I haue one my selfe,who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours,my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace eue to the edge ath shore,
then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest
winds of heauen,

Per. I will imbrace your offer,come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lichoridæ*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris,
on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

¶ *Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.*

Cer. Madam, this Letter,and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer,which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lord ,that I was shipt at sea I well remember,
euen on my learning time. but whether there deliuered, by the
holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wed-
ded Lord I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuerie will I take
me to,and neuer more haue ioy

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please, a Neece or mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks,that's all,
Yet my good will is great,though the gift small. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Gower.*

Imagine *Pericles* arriu'de at *Tyre*,
Welcom'd and setled to his owne desire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus* and by *Cleon* traind
In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monster Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take of by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage sight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our storie, she
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Chambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might stand peereless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dionyza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Post on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dionyza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

¶ Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember thou hast sworne to doo't. tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue bosome, enflame too nicely, nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her.
Here shee comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolude?

Leon. I am resolude.

¶ Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maide,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide, this world to me is a laſting ſtorme, whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you weepe alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke,
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart, we euery day expect him here, when he ſhall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted.
He will repent the bredth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your beſt courſes, goe I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt, remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Ladie, for a while, pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame, Is the wind Weſterlie that blowes;

Leon. Southweſt.

Mar. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſeſes, did neuer feare, but eryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, gailing his kingly hands haling ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, haſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boatſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you;

Leon If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I graunt it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mar. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature; Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you chaught hurt in parting two that fought: good ſooth it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, Come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

*Pirat.*1 Hold villaine.

*Pirat.*2 A prize, a prize.

*Pirat.*3 Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboord

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

aboord sodainly.

Exit.

¶ *Enter* Leonine.

Leon. These rogueing theeues serue the great Pyrate *Valdes* and they haue seized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile see further: perhappes they will but please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if shee remaine,
Whom they haue rausht, must by me be slaine.

Exit.

¶ *Enter the three Baudes*

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart by being too wenchlesse.

Bawd. we were neuer so much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe, no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to bee vide in euerie trade, we shall neuer prosper.

Bawd. Thou saist true tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some eleuen

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But shall I search the market?

Bawde. What else meane the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blow it to peeces, they are so pittifully sodden.

Pan.

Pander. Thou sayest true, ther's two vnholesome a conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that lyes with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, shee quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meat for wormes, but Ile goe search the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickins were as pretie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp some pretie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides the sore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult.*

¶ *Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.*

Boult. Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maister, I haue gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Bawd Boult ha's she anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult?*

Boult.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that will giue most shall haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue beene: get this done as I command you.

Boult Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not orebord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee bee, and I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Bawd. if it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men stir you vp: *Bowlts* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Bowlt. Faith they listened to me, as they would haue harkend to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Bawd. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Bowlt. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres the hams?

Bawd. Who, *Mounsieur Verollus*?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Bawd. Pray you come hither awhile, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as ye doe, makes Pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner wee haue, youle loose nothing by custome.
When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpose.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs.

Exit.

¶ *Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndoe the deede. O Ladie much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth with Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poysoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child.

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses ar not the fates to foster it, not euer to preser, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out shee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Bee one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dion. Bee it so then, yet none does know but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilest ours was blurred at, and helde a Mowkin not worth the time of day. It pierst mee thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performid to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say, wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, and her epitaphs in glitterind golden characters expres

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thy Angels face ceaze with thine
Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thustime we waste, and long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime.
Where our scenes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well saying ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats an shadowes, see them
Moue a while.
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightie passion departs.*

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaue *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires:
Hee put on sackcloth and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit:
The Ephitaph is for *Marina* write, by wicked *Dionyza*.

The faireſt, sweeteſt, and beſt lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeere:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud swallowed some part ath earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed.
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his course to be ordered;
By Ladie *Fortune*, while our stteare must play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestals sing?

1. Ile do any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Bawde* 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, shee had neere come heere.

Bawd Fie, fie vpon her, shee's able to freze the god *Priapus* and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons her maisters reasons her prayers, her knees, that hee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if shee should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boult. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualers, and make our swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sickneſſe for me.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised,

Boult. Wee should haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadge would but giue way to customers.

¶ *Enter Lysimachus.*

Lys. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may, so t'is the better for you, that your resorters stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome inipuitie haue you, that a man may deale with all, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

there neuer came her like in *Metaline.*

Li. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst say,

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to say well enough.

Li. Well, call foorth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and shee were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chast.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.
Is shee not a faire creature?

Li. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beseech your Honor giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (him.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie note

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Mar. if he gouerne the country you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What hee will doe gratiously, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you don?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come we will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy waies.

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this trade.

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend. (name it.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlyer too Sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why? the houſe you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you knowe this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into too't? I heare ſay you'r of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeedes and rootes of ſhame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee prettie one, my authoritie ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to ſome priuate place: Come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac't me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue beene ſolde deerer then Phiſicke, that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge me to the meaneſt byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, nere dremp't, thou could'ſt, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeech had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preſerue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows ſauor vilely, fare thee well! thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curſe vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goones, if thou doeſt heare from me it ſhalbe for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would ſincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel come

Mar. Whither would you haue me? (your wayes.

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cõmon hãgman ſhall execute it, come your way weele haue no more Gentleme driuen away, come your wayes I ſay

Enter Bawde.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe miſtris, ſhe has heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt malliable

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Boult. And if she were a thorny'er peece of ground then she is, she shall be blowed

Mar. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of wom n-kind? Marrie come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemarie and baies

Boult. Come mist ris come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the painedst feend of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cutterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belech't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, would you where a mā may serue 7 yeers for the losse, of a leg & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth? serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deere that the gods would safely deliuer me from this place: here here's gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me proclaime that I can sing weaue, sow, and dance, with other vertues, which I'le keep from boast, & will vndertake all these to teach I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde many schollers.

Boult.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute me to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Bowlt. Well, I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar But amongst honest women.

Bowlt. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them, But since my maister and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come I'le doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt,*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house*, our storie sayes:
She sings like one immortall, and she dounces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes:
Deepe clarks she dumbs & with her neele composes,
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupils lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the cursed Bawd, here we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him on the Sea, we there him left,
Where driuen before the winds, he is arriu'de
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Cittie striu'de
God *Neptune Annuall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

 And

And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

¶ *Enter Hellicanus, to him 2. Sayler.*

1 *Say.* Where is Lord *Hellicanus?* he can resolue you, O here he is sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come a-boord what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2 *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

¶ *Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come abord, I pray greet him fairely.

¶ *Enter Lysimachus.*

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hel. And you to outliue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish mee well, being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenaunce, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hel. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe springs frō the losse of a beloued daughter, & a wife

Ly. May we not see him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootelesse. Is your sight, he will not speake to any yet le me obtaine my wish.

Lys. Behold him, this was a goodly person.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

Hell. It is in Vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmoni, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are midway stopt, shee is al hap pie as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that bearес recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our goldes we may prouision haue, wherein wee are not distitute for want, but wearie for the staleneſſe.

Ly. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie the most iust God for euermore graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

Ly. O heer's the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcome faire one, is not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Ly. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choyse and think me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

If that thy prosperouse and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought
Thy sacred Phisicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse vtermost skill in his recouerie, prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperouse. *The Song.*

Ly. Marke he your Mesicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue bene gazed on like a Comet: She speakes my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayd though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors who stoode equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, & to the world, and ankwarde casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheeke, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equal mine, was it not thus what say you?

Mar I sed, my Lord, if you did know my parentage you would not doe me violence.

Per I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh-

ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Ie well-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who starues the eares she feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleeue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued in deede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discening. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to miurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? how lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little know'st how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had some power my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and clad *Marina*?

Mar. You seed you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lichorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dulld sleepe did mocke sad fooles with all,
This cannot be my daughter buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more, too'th bottome of your storie, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me t'were best I did giue ore

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*,
But good sir whither will you haue me? why do you weep
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to king *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be

Hee

Hell. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe,

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike mee honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but
For truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles of Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue been by sauage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes, who is this?

I

Hell. Sir,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

Hel Sir, tis the gouernour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauen blesse my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Helicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat,
How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hell. My Lord I heare none,

Per. None the Musicke for the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare.

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.
It nips me vnto listing, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you:

Diana

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice, There when my maiden priests are met together before the people all, reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, & giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian* Goddesse *Argentine*
I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, shal we refresh vs sir vpon your shore, and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter,
for seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee,
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What minstrelsie, what prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as their wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a Maid child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy siluer liuerey, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yrares he sought to murther, but her better stars

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo

brought her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remembrance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles.*

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee dies, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble ſir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerend appearer no, I threw her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. 'Tis moſt certaine.

Ge. Looke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-ioyde. Early in bluſtring morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op'd thee coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her here in *Dianats* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you, look *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me locke if hee be none of mine, my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licencious ca'e, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeake, like him you are, did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Pe. The voyce of dead *Thaſia.*

Th. That *Thaſia* am I, ſuppoſ'd dead and drowned.

Pe. Immortall *Dian.*

Th. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes my paſt miſeries ſports, you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more bee ſeene.

ſeene. O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leapes to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Th. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not

Hell. You haue heard me ſay when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. 'Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaiſa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how poſſiblie preſerued? and who to thanke (beſides the gods) for this great myracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue ſhowne their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord beſeech you firſt, goe with mee to my houſe, where ſhall be ſhowne you all was found with her. How ſhee came plac'ſte heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, and will offer night oblations to thee. *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, ſhall marrie her at *Pentapolis*. and now this ornament makes mee looke diſmall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marriage-day he beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my fathers dead.

 Per. Heauen

Per. Heauens make a Starre of him; yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

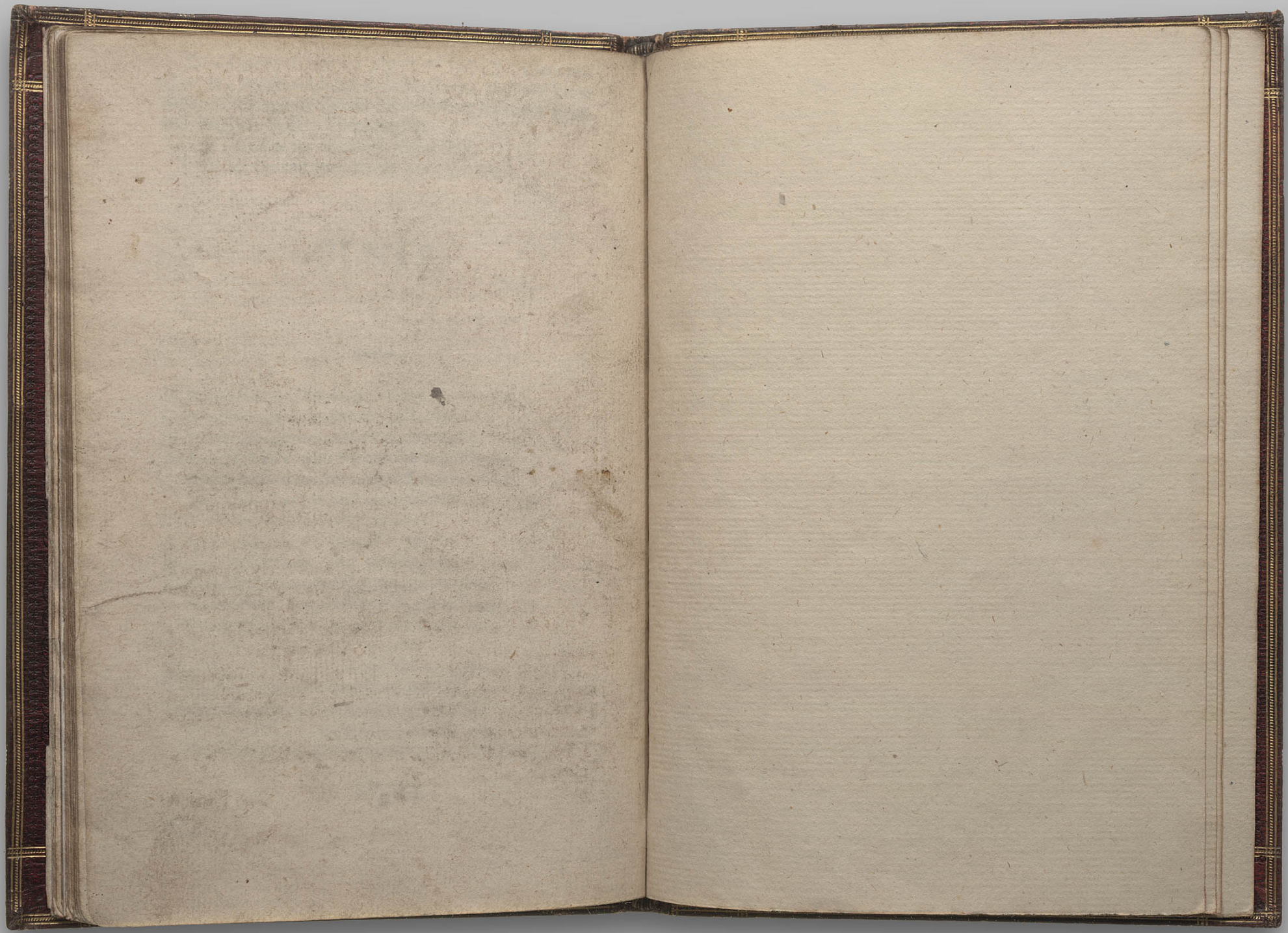
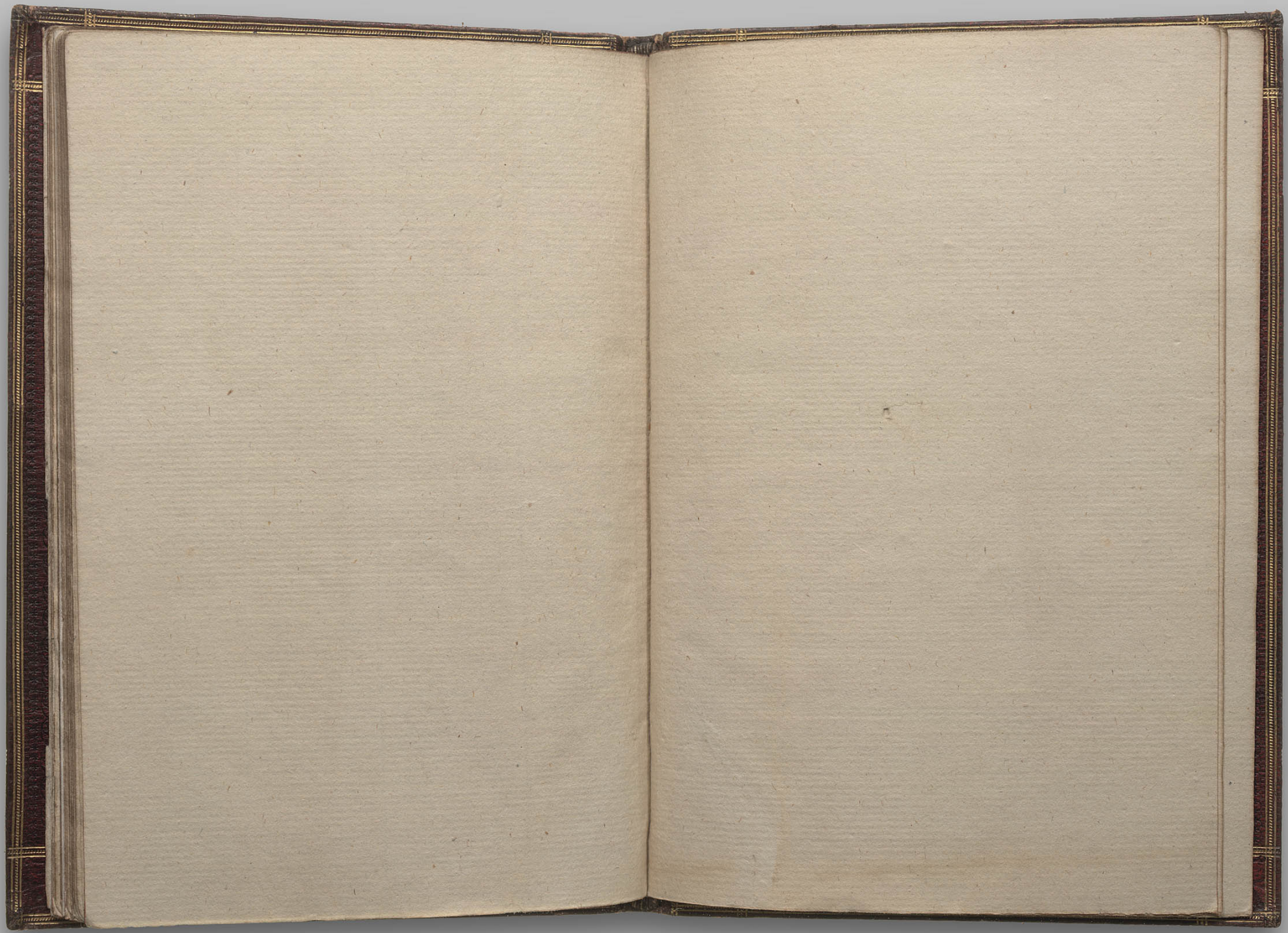
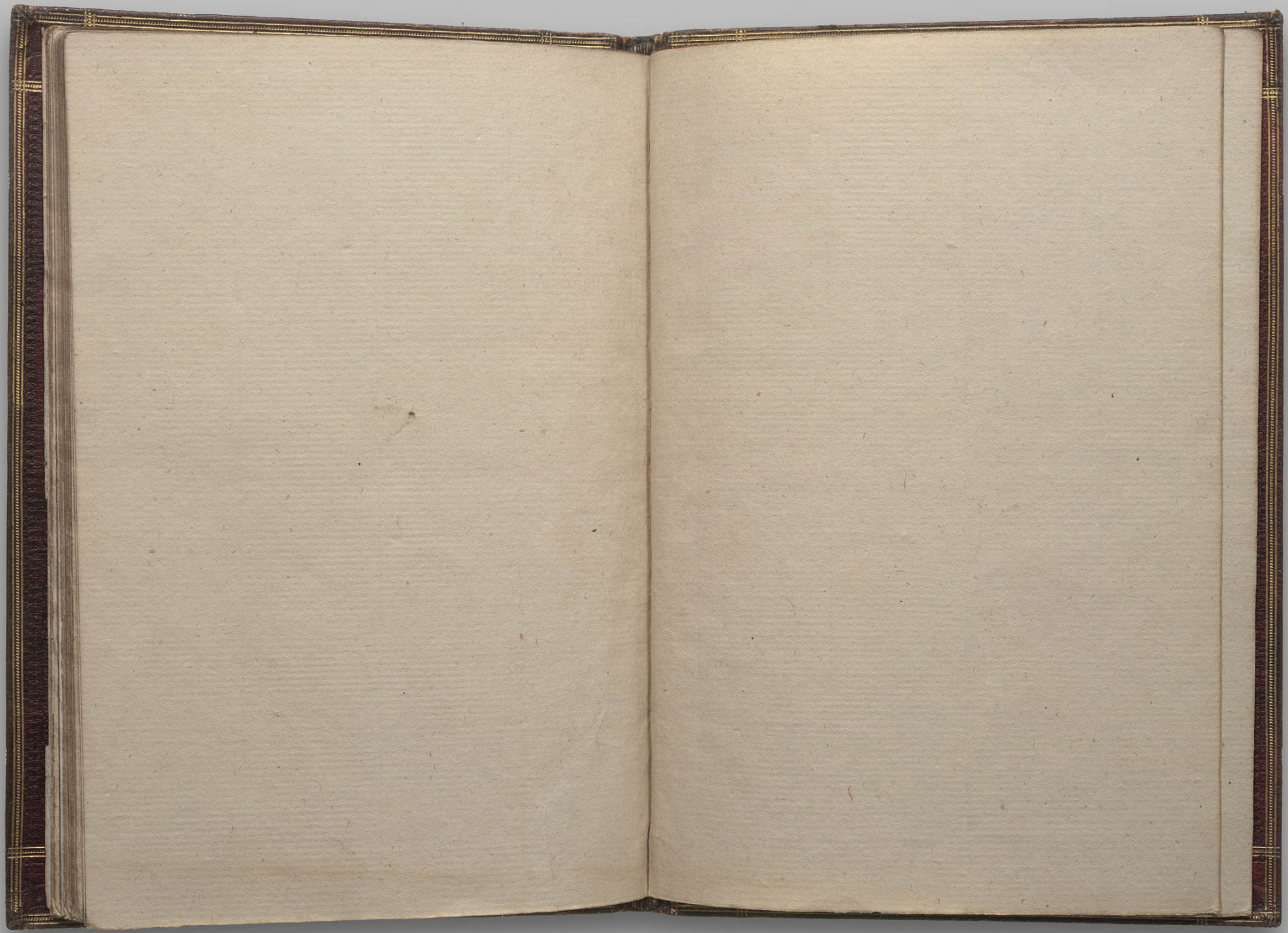
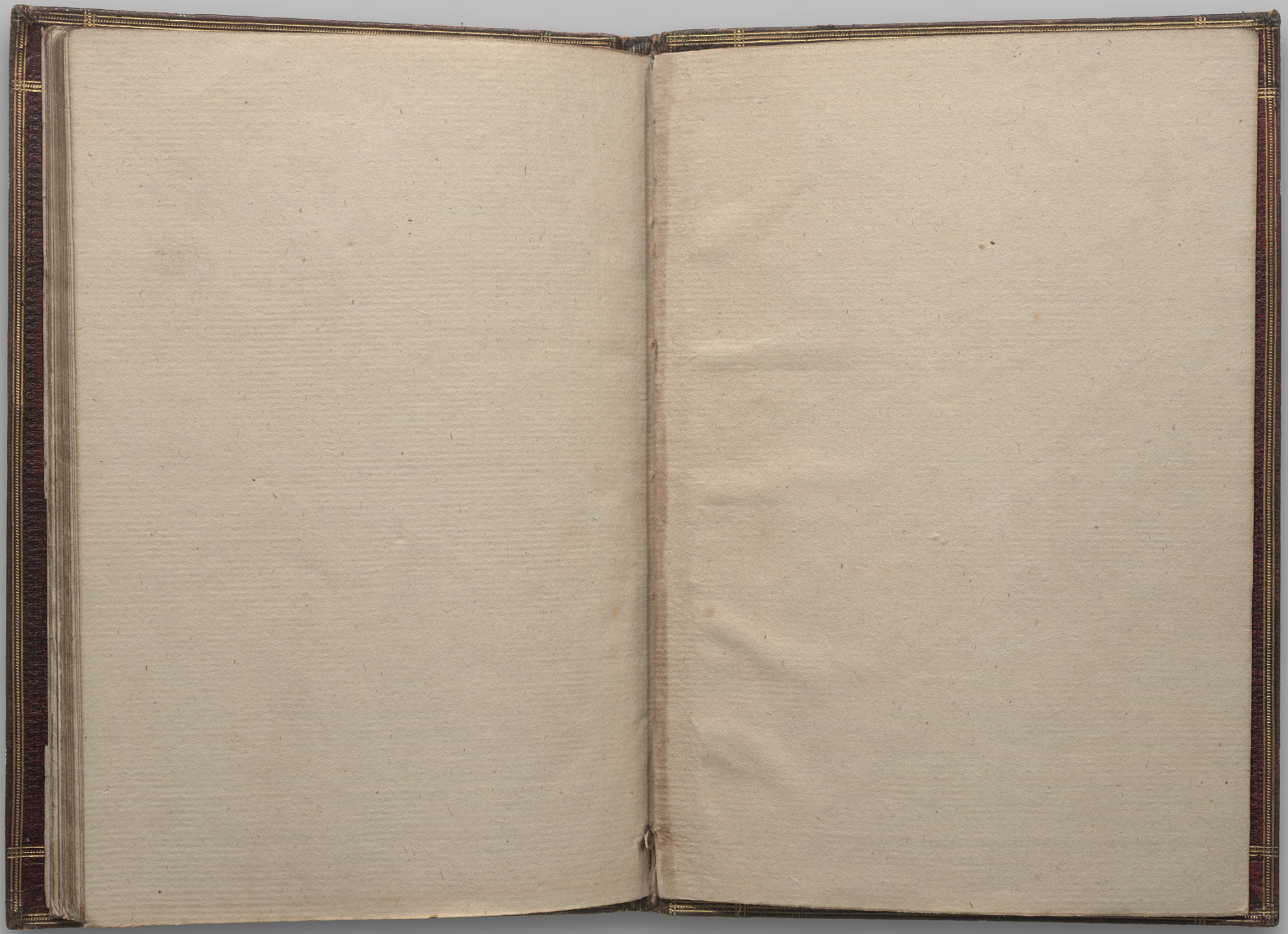
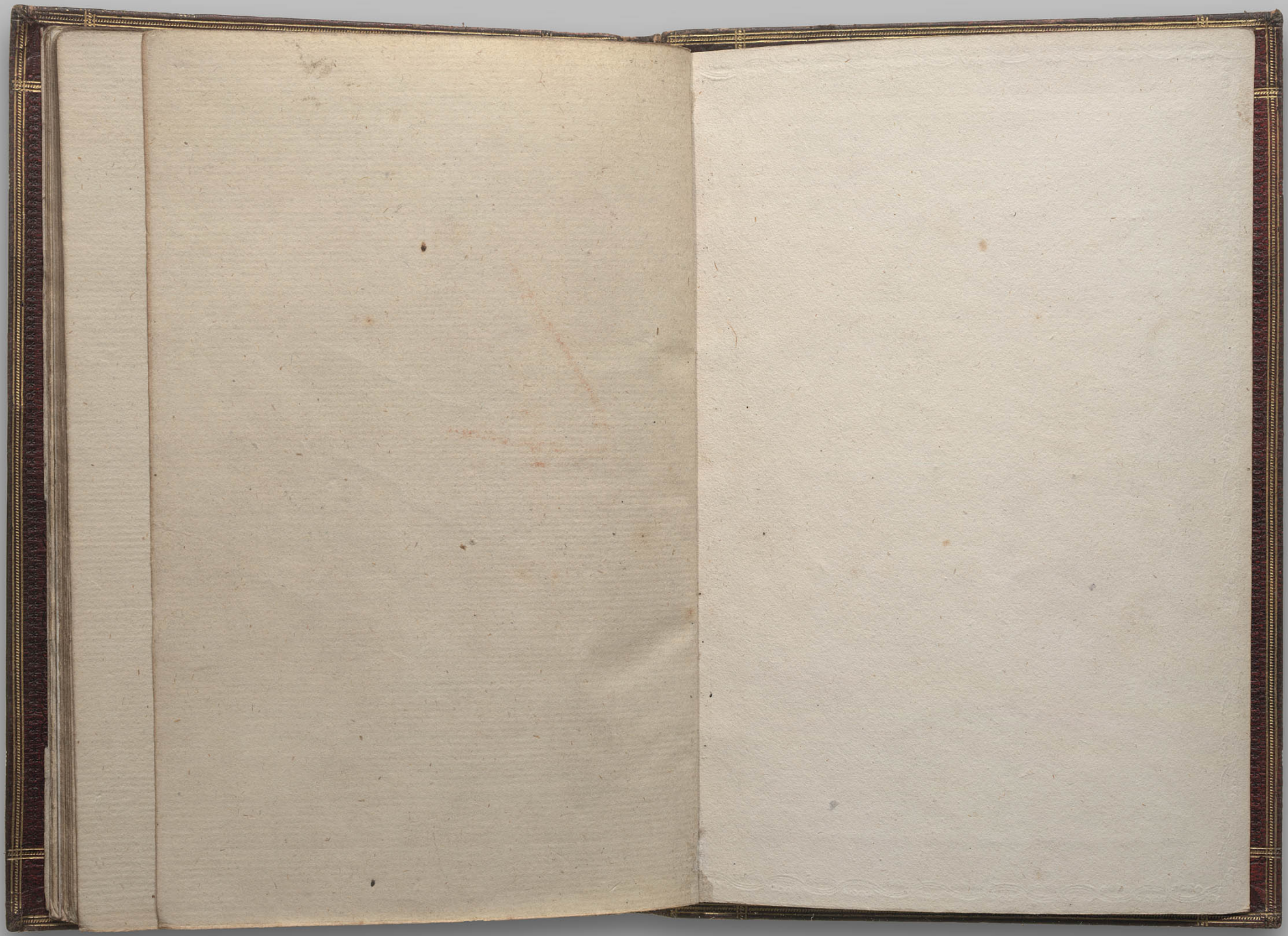
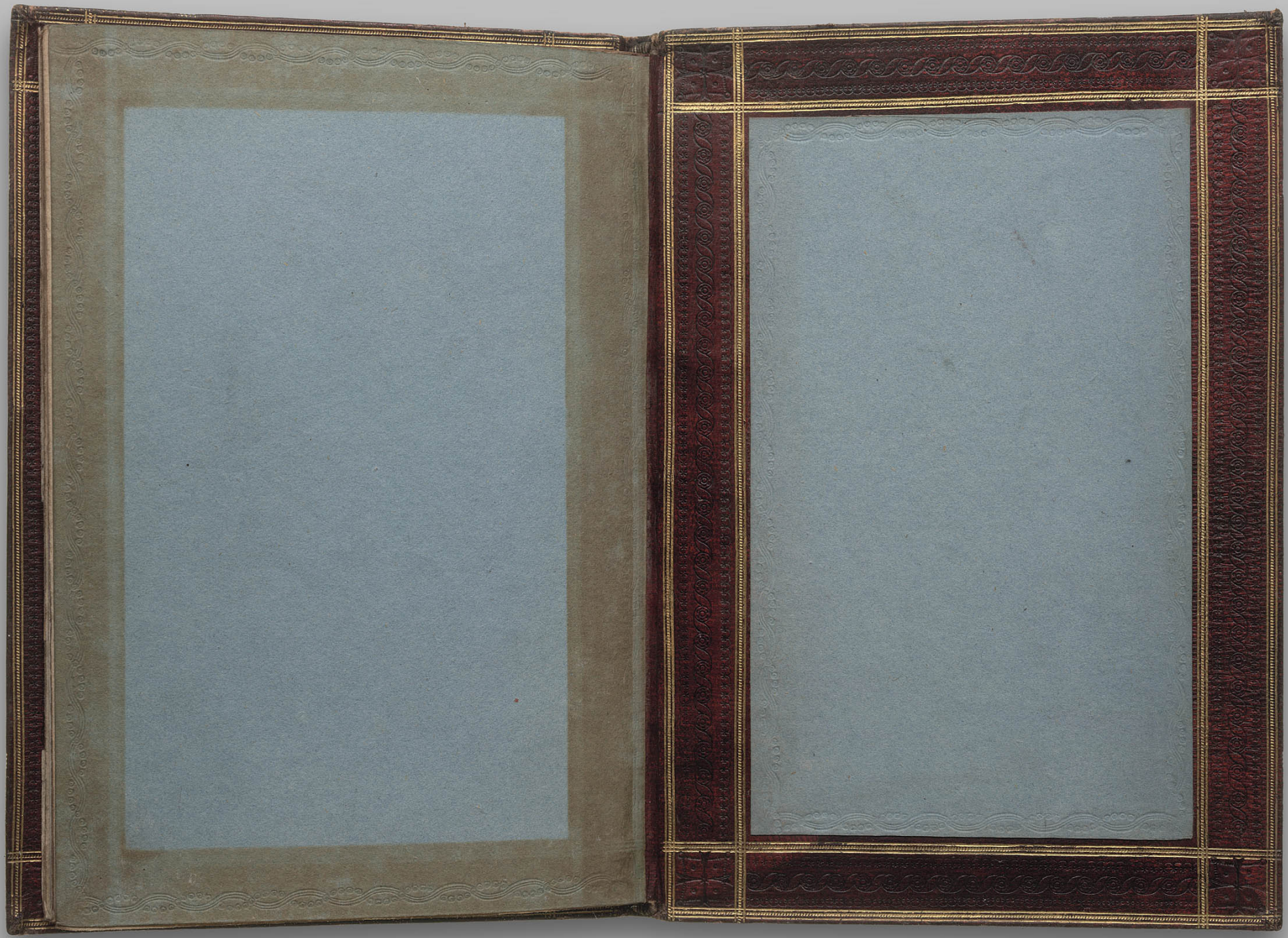
Lord *Cerimon* we doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Anthiochus* and his daughter you haue heard,
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene, and daughter seene,
Although assail'd with *Fortune* fierce and keene,
Vertue preserd for from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descrie;
A figure of truth, of faith and loyaltie:
In reuerent *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon*, and his wife, when Fame
Had sped his cursed deed, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seem'd to contend,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wait on you, here our play has ending.

9 NO 58

FINIS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22336) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.37) Octavo